

Thi saa har Gud elsket Verden, at han gav sin Søn, den enbaarne, for at hver den som tror paa ham, ikke skal fortæbes, men have evigt Liv.

HYRDE

"JEG ER DEN GODE HYRDE." — Joh. 10, 11.

Den som tror paa ham, bliver ikke dømt; den som ikke tror, er allerede dømt, fordi han ikke har troet paa Guds enbaarne Søns Navn.

Haugen, Rev. A. K. Mark

16de aargang.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Første Nr. i Juni, 1940

Nr. 11

3die Søndag efter trefoldighet

Læs evangeliet Matt. 9, 9—13.

Mattæus var tolder d.e. han inkrævet told eller skat for den romerske stat, som ogsaa jødene var under den gang. Han selv var jøde, ti hans egentlige navn var Levi Mattæus. se. Mark. 2, 14 flg. og Luk. 5, 27 flg. Farisæerne og de ledende i Israel kaldte saadanne jøder, som havde den forretning simpelthen "syndere." De var utstøt av synagogen. Ingen ret jøde maatte ha samkvem med slike.

Men Jesus saa i Mattæus en som længtede og stundede efter fred for sin sjæl. Han var en utstøt, et utskud iblandt sit eget folk, men Jesus havde bruk for ham. Han skulde skrive hans første evangelium, derfor lægger han sin vei forbi toldboden og sier:

Følg Mig!

Jesus kalder denne mand, først fordi han længter efter Jesus. Han har utentvil hørt om ham, ja selv hørt hans livsalige ord og var muligens kommen i syndenød. Dette viste Jesus, likesom han viste om Natanael, da han var under figen-træet.

Herav lærer vi, at Jesus kjender vor trang og hunger efter frelse, om ingen anden kjender det minste til det. Han kommer den sökende imøte. Hvorfor gik Herrens vei forbi denne tolderes toldbod? Fordi han viste han trængte hjælp. Han var blit lei dette liv i synd. Selv om hans stilling var en indbringende stilling hvad penge angaar, saa brakte pengene ham ingen varig glæde. Der var i hans sjæl vakt en inderlig trang efter fred med Gud i en god samvettighet. Nu vil han gjerne gi slip paa alt. Han handler som en der har lagt sin plan og vet hvad han gjør. Han har vist tænkt som saa, at faar jeg anledning til at se og tale med Jesus, er jeg villig til at forlate alt:— Mine bøker, min fortjeneste, mine venner, ja alt, om det er paakrævet, bare jeg kan faa fred i min urolige sjæl. Han hadde beregnet omkostningerne saa da kaldet kom i disse to ord **følg Mig** forlot han alt og fulgte Jesus.

Har du, som læser dette, tat denne beslutning at forlate alt som binder dig til verden forat følge Guds kald? Du kan ikke gjøre noget bedre. Du trenger Jesus, men Jesus har ogsaa bruk for dig.

Den anden grund hvorfor Jesus kaldte Mattæus var at han vilde ha ham i arbeide, ha ham til apostel. Ingen av hans folk hadde bruk for ham, men Jesus saa i ham et herlig redskap til at bære evangeliets bud ut blandt sit folk. Om ingen bryr sig om dig, saa har Jesus plads for dig, han ser ganske et redskap i dig til arbeide i hans høst. Her vil jeg gjengi noen ord av prædikanten Gipsy Smith.

"Se hin sjømand-drukken, skidden, med bespottelser paa læperne og uren i sjælen! Ingen brydde sig om ham. Gud saa ned til ham og frelste ham. Hans navn var John Newton, dikteren, prædikanten. Gud saa teologen i den berusede mand. Eller se en anden — en bandende kjedelflikker. Saa frygtelig var hans banden, at naar han begyndte at bande, gik der en gysen gjennom hans naboer. Ingen vilde ha kjedelflikkeren. Men Gud saa paa ham og frelste ham; og hans navn var John Bungen, den u-dødelige drommer. Hvem skulde kunnet tro, at den bandende kjedelflikker kunde komme til at skape et verk som "Pilgrims vandring?" Eller se en mand som staar og sælger sko i Chicago. Gud frelste ham; men da han ønskede at bli optat som medlem i en menighet, saa de saa lite i ham at de sendte ham tilbake paa prøve i tolv maaneder. Hans navn var D. L. Moody, den mand som la sin ene

haand paa Amerika og den anden paa England, og de bevægede sig bægge henimot korset. — Eller se et andet billede-et zigoinertelt! — Der er en far og fem smaa moderløse barn, uten bibel, uten skole. Ingen vilde ha dem, hvem brydde sig om en zigoiner! Ingen! De var alle utstøtte, foraktede, forlatte. Men Jesus saa paa den stakkars far og disse fem moderløse smaa væsener, og han saa dem i deres uvidenhed og hedenskap hungriige efter Gud, og han sa: "Der er seks prædikanter i dette telt." Og han slog sine korsmerkede arme om farn og barna og frelste dem alle, og jeg er en av dem."

Jesus saa mer i Mattæus end nogen anden, og han ser mer i dig end nogen anden, fordi han elsker dig. Jesus elsker os om igen anden gjør det. Han staar her idag og kalder: "Kom til mig, følg mig, jeg vil frelse dig; jeg vil gi dig en anledning for denne verden og din næste. Følg mig bare."

"Kun et skrit, kun et skrit, du som tvilende staar, og som vet at det ikke her er hjem.

Det vil vinde dig vei, det vil aapne dig arv fylt av fred faar det føre dig frem.

Kun et skrit over grensen fra verden til Gud.

Har du mot, har du mot til at ta det helt ut,

et skridt ifra verden til Gud."

O. J. Marken.

Haabet gjør tiden kort for en kristen

Et minde jeg aldrig glemmer

Av Ludvig Hope.

Haabet gjør tiden kort for en kristen her i verden. Haabet regner ikke med tiden, for det regner ikke med denne verden. Det regner heller ikke med striden, men bare med maalet for striden. Det lever og ser indenfor forhængen, der Jesus er.

Jeg har et minde om et møte med en kristen kvinde, som jeg vil fortælle om. Det viste mig saa klart hvad værd haabet har for en lidende kristen, og jeg glemmer det aldrig.

Da hun var omlag 20 aar, blev hun syk, og laa tilsengs i 15 aar uten nogen gang at være fri for smerter. De lange aar i sygdom krøkte kroppen hendes, saa begge knær blev bøiet op like til haken, saa hun nu ikke var større end at hun fik plads i en vogn saa stor som en barnevogn.

Da jeg traf hende hadde hun ligget i en slik vogn uten smerter i 16 aar, i alt 31 aar. Hun færdest paa gaard til gaard i vognen for paa denne maate at livberge sig. Hun kunde bare bruke to eller tre av fingrene sine; de andre var ihopkrøkte. Men trods dette ledet denne kvinde arbeidet i en missionsforening.

De fortalte om hende, at hun altid var glad og taksom. Aldrig kom en klage over læbene hendes. En dag kom det for mig, at jeg burde prøve at finde ut om glæden hendes var ægte, og jeg sa til hende:

"Jeg kan ikke skjønne at du kan ligge her saa jublende glad, du som har det saa svært. Kan den stilling som du er i, være noget at glæde sig over? Jeg undres paa om du virkelig er saa glad som du ser ut til at være?"

Efterpaa forstod jeg, at det var dristig av mig at spørre slik, men jeg kan likevel nu ikke se det anderledes end at det maatte være en Guds styrelse at jeg skulde gjøre det, ikke for hendes skyld, men for min egen.

Da jeg hadde kommet med disse spørsmåal, møtte to klare øine mig, og saa fik jeg følgende spørsmåal:

"Hope, tror du at jeg kommer til at faa ligge længe her?"

"Nei, det kan jeg ikke tro," svarte jeg, "det ser ikke slik ut."

"Det tror jeg og," svarte hun. "Og forstaar du ikke, at naar jeg om en kort tid kommer hjem til Gud, saa fins det ingen i himmelen som kan være mere glad og taksom end jeg!"

Jeg hadde intet mer at si. Jeg hadde tapt slaget, og jeg gjemte disse forunderlige ord i hjertet. Der gjemmer jeg dem den dag idag som den bedste fortolkning jeg har, til det levende haab. Siden har jeg mange ganger truffet mennesker som saa tiden her saa kort netop fordi deres haab var levende og fordi dette haab bar de trøtte kjæmpene inden forhængen.

Om skulde jeg prøve at vise forskjellen mellom troens og haabets oppgave i vort kristenliv, vilde jeg si det slik:

Troen kan lignedes med en mand med to armer. Med den ene griper han om korset og Kristus og holder sig fast der, eg med den andre armen griper han om sverdet for at stride den gode strid. Saa længe troen holder fast ved Kristus og korset, saa længe magter ogsaa den andre haanden at svinge sverdet i seirende strid. Men om vi slipper Kristus, slipper vi ogsaa sverdet.

At tro det er at gripe om Kristus og holde sig fast til ham. At tro, det er at gaa i strid.

Men haabet?

Haabet er luftskibet som løfter sig op og seiler over og forbi al strid like ind i det land der striden er endt. Det gaar ind der, hvor Kristus er, og ser staden i al sin glans og landet i al sin herlighet og jubler over barneretten og arven.

Haabet ser alt saa levende og visst at en kan si: "I haabet er vi frelste." Naar vi saa trættes i striden og staar færdige at slippe sverdet, kommer haabet med det gode budskapet fra hjemlandet og viser den modløse de herlige ting som venter den som er tro til døden. Og saa hvisker haabet til os, at striden snart er til ende, — om en liten stund er alt over.

"Det er en liten tid, saa har jeg vundet,

saa er den ganske strid med ett forsvundet."

Slik synger haabet.

Paa denne maaten hjælper og styrker haabet vor tro. Haabet taler trostende og salige ord til sjælen, og forsikrer paa nyt at det bare er en kort liten tid til sverdet faar byttes med palmen — og troen gaar enda en gang glad og styrket i striden.

"Snart er bruden hjemme nu, hun venter sin brudgom saa glad. Oppe i skyene møtes vi og gaar ind i den himmelske stad." Snart!

Det er haabets syn og haabets sang.

Snart!

Kanske det er nogen som læser dette som kjender sig tung om hjertet og hjælpeløst klager over sin haarde livslagna. Du synes at vor Herre har lagt for store byrder og for meget av livets tyngsel paa dine skuldre.

Hvorfor skal mit liv være som et hakkebræt?

Hvorfor skal jeg være fattig og syk og forlatt baade av mine egne og andre?

Hvorfor skal hvert skridt paa min vei være bestrodd med torner?

Du trøtte menneske! Prøv om du ikke kan se paa din stilling fra en anden side.

Bruk vingerne dine.

Gaa ombord i haabets himmelskib og seil til den kyst der du faar se det nye Jerusalem! Kanske du da kan faa dit øre aapnet for tonerne som bruser som store vand fra dem som er kommet ut av den store trængsel og som har vasket sine klær hvite i lammets blod.

Prøv at se om det ikke ligger en seierskrans færdig ogsaa til dig, og du skal lære at takke for alle ting i Jesu navn.

"Kjære sjæl, vær tro i striden, snart, ja snart du kommer der!"

Insendt ved J. E. Marken.

"Men vi har ikke faat verdens aand, men den aand som er av Gud, forat vi skal kjende det som er git os av Gud." 1 Kor. 2, 12.

Paulus tager ikke i betraktning med sine ord og uten omsvøp at si, "at det naturlige menneske fatter ikke de ting, som horer Guds Aand til." 1 Kor. 2, 14. Det har vagt megen motsigelse og forargelse at den naturlige menneskeforstand og aandsdygtighet saaledes frakjendes al evne til at opfatte, bedømme og tale om aandlige ting, saaledes som det er i sit aandelige væsen. Men skriftens utsagn er i dette stykke klart og kan ikke misforstaaes. Og hvad Paulus sier, er kun det samme som Jesus sier til Peter: "Kjød og blod har ikke aapenbaret dig, men min fader i himmelen." Matt. 16, 17.

Men at de ting, hvorav vor frelse avhænger, er i den grad, efter sit virkelige væsen, skjult for den menneskelige forstand, det anfægter ikke Paulus. Han er alikevel overbevist om deres sandhet og kjender dem, — ikke i kraft av nogen blot og bar antagelse eller ved nogen logisk slutning eller ved beviser, som han moidsommelig har sanket sammen fra lærde mænds verker og dyspsindige spekulasjoner over de naturlige ting. Han vet at der er en bedre og anden vei til saadan klarhet og vishet som der her er tale om. Og veien er denne: "Os har Gud aapenbaret det ved sin Aand." Hvis Gud hadde holdt sin Helligaand tilbake, saa vilde alverden endnu ligget i mørke og ingen end ikke en, vilde ha nogen sand erkjendelse av Gud og veien til Gud, — et mørke, hvis ende er "det yderste mørke," hvorfra der ingen utgang er. At være uten den Helligaand er at mangle en sand, uten hvilket en hel verden — aandens verden er lukket for dig.

Der er en verden omkring os av farver og lys og skjønhed. For den blinde er denne verden lukket. Man fortæller ham om den, — la den bli skildret for ham med de mest træffende og veltalende ord; saalænge hans øie er blindt, vil det være umuligt at bibringe ham endog kun en tilnærmelsesvis rigtig forstaelsel av hvordan denne farvernes og lysets verden ser ut og hvor skjønn den er. Den døve horer ingen toner og oppfatter ingen musik. At den døve intet horer, er ikke noget bevis for, at der ingen musik er. Det viser kun, at han lider under den beklagelige mangel at være uten en av de viktigste sanser. Den aandelige verden er lukket for den, som mangler aandens sans. Der gives aandeligt døve og aandeligt blinde, som er dristige nok til derav at drage den formastelige slutning, at der findes ingen saadan aandens verden som den Bibelen og de kristne taler om. Men derved avlægger de kun i vidnesbyrd om sin egen blindhet. Aandens verden er der alikevel. Øiets verden er usynlig uten øiet. Aandens verden er usynlig, uhorlig, en død og kald læresætning i det høieste for den somer uten Aanden. Har jeg den Helligaand? — er derfor et spørsmåal av den største pragtigste interesse. Og bønner: "Ta ikke den Helligaand fra mig," Salme 51, 13., den mest paakrævede av alle bønner. Denne veileder, hvis nærværelse er mere dyrebare end en samtale med frelseren selv — se Aapb. 16, 7. — er han ogsaa til for dig? Hvis du ikke har ham, vil intet i verden kunne erstatte dig ham. Den kan lære sandheten.

Andre kan forkynde den for dig med klare, overbevisende ord. Men kan de faa den til at trænge ind i dit hjerte? Kan du indvortes overbevises, røres, trøstes ved noget andet end ved den Helligaands dype virk-

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Atter møtes til raadslagning. Den Norsk Lutherske Kirke holder sit Aarsmøte juni 5—12. Det er til raadslagning om det anbetroede arbeide i Herrens Vingaard man kommer sammen. Efter som aarene gaar ser det ut til at ansvaret for Guds kirke paa jord blir større og vanskeligere. Den grufulde og umenneskelige krig som raser i Europa, ikke minst i de skandinaviske lande, kræver alvorlig overveieelse. Gud styre og velsigne raadslagningen i det anstundene kirkemøte.

Rettelse. "Business Managers" rapport staar under expenditures: "Editors Exp. 1.50" det skulde staa: "Assistant editors."

I andet april nummer i W.M.F. spalten under "I am a debtor" Mrs. V. T. Virge. Det skulde staa Mrs. A. G. Vinge. Unskyld feilen. —U.

ninger i det indvortes menneske? Den som beder han faar. Amen!

Optat fra Stille Stunder! N. F.

Bøn for fædreland

(Synges som: "Prairie Sunset.")

Lad kun tanken stille dvæle
ven det hjem som vi forlot.
Søstre lad os ofte knæle;
lægge det ved korsets fot,
Nu naar fædrelandet bløder —
Krigen stjæler hjemmets fred —
For vor Gud som spurven føder,
lad os knæle stille ned.

Gud som alles veie kjender,
led dem from til fredens havn.
Naar paa kinden taaren brænder;
hjælp dem du i Jesu navn.
Giv dem kraft i sult og jammer,
i enkens sorg og moders vee.
Lad stige op fra hvert et kammer
i bøn, O lat din vilje ske.

Du som faderhertjet kjender,
hjælp dem til at holde ut;
indtil fred paa jord du sender.
Alting lyde maa dit bud.
Du som fordem hjælpste dine;
endnu har den samme makt.
O, giv dem kraft i korsets time.
Bevar hver søn uti din pakt.

Alting tjene skal til gode
for den sjæl som elsker Gud.
Saa vi falde vil til fote
Han har makten! Fredens bud.
Beder, saa skal eder gives,
Tror, saa skal i sikkert faa—
Djevls makt da skal borttrives,
naar i tro til Gud vi gaa.

Ja vi vet du elsker alle
ogsaa dem som er i nød.
Hjælp dem til at paa dig kalde
nu, mens hjertets grund er blød.
Giv dem kirkens trøst i nøden—
Tag ei ordet fra os bort.
Giv os troskap indtil døden,
Skjønt livets vandrang her er kort.

Eders Agneta Solberg.

Swift Current, Sask.

Bruk Anledningen.

I kveld læste jeg disse ord, "se hvor stor en kjærlighet fadren har vist os at vi skal kaldes Guds børn, og det er vi. Derfor kjender verden os ikke fordi den ikke kjender ham. I elske de nu er vi Guds barn og det er endnu ikke aapenbart hvad vi skal vende, vi vet at naar han aapenbares da skal vi vende ham like, ti vi skal se ham som han er."

Jeg fik lyst til at skrive lit om disse pene ord i Joh. det er godt tidsfordriv. Tænk hvilken kjærlighet faderen har vist os at vi skal kal-

des Guds barn. Ja vi er i sandhet et lykkelig, et saligt folk. Alle som faar lov til at skue en smule ind i den store herlighets rikdom som er vor, efterdi vi er barn er vi og arvinger og fuldt ut berettiget til al hemmelens herlighet. Ja vi har herlige utsigter i vente og al grund til at være glade. Fødselen fører denne rettighet med sig at den som er et barn er ogsaa tillige arving. Men ingen blir arving formedels sine gjerninger eller fortjeneste men blir det ved fødselen alene saa at arven ikke er forvervet men givet. Fordi om en arbeider bekymrer sig og gjør hvad han kan, derfor blir han ikke arving men det gjør ham til arving at han som et barn fødes til arvedelen. Barn kan sandelig intet gjøre at det er født helst lider og sætter livet til tiligemed moderen. Saaledes faar vi de himmelske gode ting, synds forlatelse og det evige liv, ikke fordi vi selv gjør noget dertil.

Min broder i Norge fik en søn, da han blev stor nok til at skrive til mig, saa skrev han en ganf at han var arvingen til gaarden, han var overbevist om det. Hvor trygt og godt er det ikke at eie overbevisningen i sin sjæl at en er Guds barn — det er det eneste som holder i liv og i død.

Det føles saa ofte og især naar en er kommen op i aarene og ser tilbake paa de mange aar som aldrig kommer igjen. Hvor meget skulde ikke vært anderledes. Hvor lite her jeg ikke utrettet som kunde vært til min Herre og mesters velbehag og mine medmennesker til hjælp og velsignelse.

Pas paa anledningen, og den gode Gud giver mange av dem medens vi erefriske. Dagene gaa som aldrig kommer igjen, snart er det aften og ingen kan arbeide. Kjære broder og søster, du kjender nok nogen som lider og har det ondt om ikke til legeme saa til sjæl.

Søk dem op og si et godt ord om Jesus. La os be at mange maa faa æinene op og se det "ene nødvendige," det at kjende Gud. Det er intet der formaar saa meget som bøn. Bed med og for hverandre. ti vi er jo lemmer paa et og samme legeme som saa saare trenger hverandre. Maa Gud fylde os mere med sin kjærlighet er vi tvungen til at gjøre Guds vilje, Maa han altid faa sin vei med os. —G.

Lille Laila og fuglene hendes

Av fra Gussy Zwilmeyer,
Notodden.

Til prestegaarden kom en dag et følge av omstreifere slik som det saa ofte kom for om aarene. Nu er det ikke saa mange av dem og glædelig er det. Kanske mange av dem har faat hus og sat sig ned som fastboende.

Det jeg nu vil fortælle handler om en liten pike som het Laila. Jeg la straks merke til hende der hun stod i ungeflokken og saa sig om med store øine. Saa paa alt det som vi hygget os ved, varme i komfyren, streif og blink av ilden i kobber paa væggen, den propfulde kassen med bjerkeved — store, hjemmebakke brød — lukt av kaffekjelen som stod og putret — og saa de store melkebøtter som nettopp kom fra fjøset. For et himmelrike for en liten fattig stakker. Mat fik de og melk alt det de orket, men det var bare denne lille rast i jaget — saa var det videre — videre.

Da de skulde gaa brast Laila i graat. "Er du træt?" spurte jeg. "Aa nei," sa hun, "men det gjør saa vondt i ryggen." Nu var doktoren vor gode ven, og jeg tænkte: la ham se om hun feiler noe alvorlig. Tror dere mig — hun hadde langt fremskreden tuberkulose i ryghvirvelen. Doktoren fik ordnet det slik for hende at hun blev lagt ind paa et sykehus. Dermed begynte et nyt liv for lille Laila. Vi kom ofte til hende og sat ved sengen og pratet med hende. Om Gud hadde hun aldrig hørt, men hvor gløk hun var og saa fort hun lærte sit Fader vor. De sorte øine straalte som soler naar vi kom, og hun hadde det altid saa godt — bare — bare godt. "Har du ikke vondt i ryggen da," sa jeg til hende. "Det er it'saa fa'lig me'ryggen," sa hun. "Her er saa godt at være saa..."

Det blev vaar, og lille Laila blev

kjørt ut i haven paa en baare. Der laa hun hele sommeren, og smaa-fuglene kom og holdt hende med selskap. De satte sig paa tæppet hendes og spiste smuler av haanden. En liten vandkop hadde hun ved siden av sig paa marken, og der slukket de sin tørst. Det var "hendes bager bager koldt vand." Iblandt kunde noen uvettige smaaspurver finde paa at bade sig i vandkoppen. Da lo hun saa taarene trillet. Der kom ogsaa to smaa ekorn og spiste av hendes mat. Den ene hadde bare et øie stakker, og den kjendte hun igjen fra aar til aar. Vi saa dem aldrig, for de kom bare naar hun var ganske alene. Søstre hadde ofte set paa den leken fra vinduene. Laila laa i to og et halvt aar paa samme sted. Hver vaar blev hun kjørt ut i haven og laa der ute til løvet faldt og rimfrosten laa over markene.

En dag jeg sat hos hende begynte hun at fortælle mig om alle de smaa fuglene og ekornet med det ene øiet. "Tror du dem kjem at til vaaren," sa hun. "Det gjør de sikkert," sa jeg, "og det vil du vel gjerne?" "Aaja," sa hun, "du veid naar jeg er snild mot de stakkars fuglene, saa hjælper nok Gud fader mine smaasøken." Hun kaldte altid Gud for Gud fader.

Saa en tidlig vaardag gik jeg til lille Laila med noen bjerkekvister hun skulde ha i vinduet og drive i knop. Øinene var store og stille. Hele Laila var som forklaret. "Veid du noe," sa hun, "no ska' og faa reis', reis' hem til Gud fader. Doktoren har sagt det, og syster Ane, og dei lyg aller," "Kjære, lille Laila, da faar du det saa godt, saa godt." "Men vil du pass' smaa-fuglane for meg da," sa hun, "og aller gleme deim." Hun saa saa betydningsfuldt paa meg, og jeg forstod hvad der rørte sig i det lille 14-aars barn.

Noen dager after blev lille Laila begravet. Det var ikke mange som fulgte Bare noen faa venner. Deriblandt doktoren og søstrene, men i trær og busker omkring kvitret de smaa vingede venner — de som lille Laila elsket og vernet.

(Modum Menighetsblad.)

Preste Konferance.

Nordre Alberta preste-Konferance avholdt sit regulære møte i Viking, Alta., pastor J. B. Stolee's kald den 14de mai 1940. Følgende prester var tilstede: C. S. Lystig, Edmonton. A. M. Vinge, Ryley, Alta. J. B. Stolee, Viking. A. H. Solheim, Camrose. S. J. Rude, Armena, og Dr. H. T. Egedahl, Provost.

Møtet aapnedes med bibellæsning og bøn ved A. M. Vinge—Samtaleemnet "Absolutionen" indlededes av pastor A. M. Vinge. Flere av prestene tok del i samtalen, og diskussionen blev noksaa interessant. Eftermiddags møtet aapnedes kl. 2. ved at synge 217 i Concordia. Andagt ved S. J. Rude. Dr. H. T. Egedahl indledet vort tema Titus første kapitel. Flere tok del.

Besluttet at næste møte holdes i Ryley, Alta., pastor A. M. Vinge's kald.

Temaer for næste møte: Titus det 2det kapitel indledes av pastor C. S. Lystig. "Pastors Calling" indledes av pastor A. M. Vinge.

Møtet avsluttet med en bønnestund hvori alle tok del.

Mrs. J. B. Stolee serverte middag, og eftermiddags kaffee til os alle. Tak skal du ha for det.

H. T. Egedahl,
sekretær protemp.

"Som du saar, skal du og høste."

En gammel kone paa seks og olli aar laa paa sit dødsleie og fik av presten allerets sakramente. Med forhaabningsfuld glæde saa hun døden imøte, og da presten spurte hende, hvordan hun var kommet til denne faste tro, fortalte hun:

"Det skriver sig fra min konfirmationstid. Vi var akkurat femti barn som blev konfirmert; ved slutten av høitideligheten bad vor gamle prest: 'Ak, kjære Gud, de er akkurat femti, det er mange, men la dem bli salige alle femti! Er det for meget, jeg ber om, saa la halvparten bli salige, eller hvis dette kanskje er for meget, saa bare tolv! O, herre, vær naadig, la i det mindste en av dem

O. A. VOLDENG
Photographer

Portraits and Amateur
Finishing

PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

"Hendricks - Berg Minde-Fond" til Outlook Bibelskole

Før mottat \$139.30
Cabri kaldet, pastor K. A. Knutson, Cabri, Sask. Scandia Lutheran Church:
Scandia Ladies Aid \$5.00; S. S. Bue \$1.00; Oliver Olsen \$1.00; Olaf Arnelien \$1.00; Lars Svenson \$1.00; Carl Kjørven \$1.00; Chalmer Stewart \$1.00; Mike Korven \$1.00, Mr. E. Oldhaver 50c.

Tilsammen fra Scandia menighet \$12.50

Bethany Lutheran Church: O. A. Sannes \$1.00; S. L. Lien \$1.00; O. L. Lien \$1.00; J. Michelson \$1.00; Ed. Thompson \$1.00; Samuel O. Lien \$1.00; Bethany Ladies Aid \$10.00; P. Haukeness \$1.00.

Tilsammen fra Bethany menighet \$17.00.

Total mottat til "Mindre-Fondet" \$168.80.
Hjertelig tak til alle!

— G. J. Ostrem, Kasserer.

komme ind i himlen! Amen! Dette grep mig dypt, og da jeg knælte ved alteret, lovet jeg i mit stille sind min Gud: Jeg vil prøve at bli en av dem som naar hjem til dig, hjælp mig, o Gud! Gjennem hele mit lange liv har jeg ikke kunnet glemme det, Gud give, jeg maa bli kaldt hjem til ham, saa at jeg kan si til min gamle prest i himlen: 'Hr. pastor, det var da en som blev salig!'

Hvilken velsignelse bragte ikke konfirmationen hende!

En dag saa jeg paa gaten en del nykonfirmerte gutter som ubarmhertig gjorde nar av og ropte efter en stakkars tigger i fillete klær og med alkoholens uhyggelige spor paa sit ansigt. Jeg kunde ikke la være, jeg maatte rope til guttene: "Gutter, han har ogsaa engang været konfirmant som dere!" Flere av dem blev alvorlige og forstod mig. "Han har ogsaa engang været konfirmant, kanskje sin fars stolthet og sin mors haab, og i hans hjerte har der kanskje været de bedste forsætter; se, hvad han er blit til! Ynk ham heller, istedetfor at haane ham!" — Hvem kjender ikke Leonardo da Vincis herlige "Den hellige nadver": Jesus, hvis aasyn uttrykker himmelsk ro, sitter mellom sine apostle som er dypt bevæget, for han har netop utalt det ord: "En av eder ska forraade mig!" Om dette billede fortelles følgende.

Kunstneren hadde længe søkt etter et menneske, hvis ansigtstræk han kunde bruke som model til Jesu ansigt. Endelig fandt han en ung mand, av alvorlig fromt utseende og en egen, ædel skjønnhet. Efter ham malte han Jesu hode. Saa gik der mange aar; paa grund av andre arbeider blev maleren hindret i at fuldende kjæmpebilledet; da han omsider igjen tok fat paa maleriet og skulde male Judas Ischariot, søkte han igjen længe efter model, men ingen forekom ham at se underfundig, djævelsk og fordærvet nok ut til at kunne gjælde for forræderen. Da opdaget han en dag et fuldstændig reducert menneske, og han antok ham som model; men da han begynte at male efter ham, fandt han i ansigtets grundlinjer en overraskende likhet med Jesushodet, og da han forsket videre, hvad var det saa han erfarte? Han hadde det samme menneske for sig som engang for aar tilbake hadde været model til Jesusbilledet! Er det ikke forfærdelig, at en som kan ha et Jesusbilledes træk paa faa aar kan synke saa dypt, at han ligner en Judas! Hvordam er dette mulig?

Ikke ifølge det blinde tilfælde, men efter den hellige lov: "Hvad mennesket saar, skal det og høste!" Hele livet er saatiid for evigheten, og din ungdom er saatiid for hele dit senere jordiske liv.

Indsendt ved Mrs. Andrew Nordal, Bulyea, Sask.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.

SHEPHERD

I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD. John 10, 11.

He that believeth on him is not judged; he that believeth not hath been judged already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, First Nr. in June, 1940

A Challenge to Godliness

"Exercise thyself unto godliness: for bodily exercise is profitable for a little; but godliness is profitable for all things, having promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come." 1 Tim. 4:7, 8.

God challenges us in these words to godliness. To exercise one's self in godliness is to grow in Christ-likeness. It is a process that is first of all inward and spiritual. It is a process that takes place in the heart into which Christ has entered by Baptism and faith, and in which heart He is permitted by daily repentance to continue to live. In the life of such a person Christ is to be seen more and more. That is growth in Christlikeness; that is to exercise one's self in godliness.

This exercise in godliness is contrasted with bodily exercise, that is, the care of the body. The body is to be cared for, for it was created by God and is to be used such as to glorify Him. He is not glorified by a person being dirty, unkempt, slovenly, slouchy.

Nevertheless the care of the body is not the most important thing in life. Paul declares that by contrast with the care of one's spiritual life, it profits but little. After all, what is the value of having a superb body if it is devoted to the service of the devil, and its final destiny is eternal hell? How foolish it is to be very particular about well-kept hair, but at the same time to have the head full of indecent thoughts.

Clear eyes are fine, but tragic it is if they feast on the vulgar, and if their frankness is the expression of brazen immodesty. Lips should be beautiful, but what a mockery it is if those beautiful lips serve the ignoble purpose of arousing the flame of passion in another. A sweet breath is desirable, but no mouth wash, no matter how expensive it is, can remove the foul stench of dirty stories and vulgar jokes.

We all admire a manly chest. But even a manly chest cannot conceal from God a proud, selfish, grasping heart, full of sin and impurity. We all acclaim those who have the ability to make use of opportunities to get ahead materially in this world. But what is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

God challenges us to be more concerned about our souls than about our bodies. He affirms that the exercise of godliness is of far more value because it is profitable both for this life and that which is to come. Our bodies will not suffer because we exercise ourselves in godliness. They will be just as neat and attractive and healthy. What is more, they will house beautiful souls. It is the body that houses a beautiful soul that is truly beautiful. The beauty that is only skin-deep does not last long. The beauty that comes from within grows with the years.

Godliness is profitable for this life. It may not be so easy for the godly person to get rich quick, but neither is he in danger of a prison term for embezzling funds; nor will his conscience accuse him that his seemingly legal means of making money was actually dishonest. The Christian virtues of honesty, thrift and unselfishness may not enrich materially, but they do bring such rewards as happiness and peace of mind.

What is far more important, godliness has promise for the life which is to come. The person who lives without Christ will die without Christ, and throughout all eternity be separated from God and the heavenly glory. But the person who lives with Him in this life will be with Him through out all eternity.

You object that we are not saved by our godliness, that the promise is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ

and thou shalt be saved." Yes, this is true. But godliness of life is the expression, the proof, of faith. True faith is bound to bring forth a godly life.

Upon which do you devote the greater care, your body or your soul? If you have been more concerned about your body, won't you surrender your heart to Christ? Then can you devote yourself to the exercise of godliness, that exercise which has promise for the life to come.

—G. O. Evenson.

A Home Altar

Much has been said and written in our church concerning the family altar. And surely much blessing would come to our people and to our church if in every home there was a family altar — if in every home, all of the members of the family would gather about the Word of God morning and evening and unite their hearts and their voices in prayer to Him from whence cometh their help.

In this article, the writer wishes to suggest the use of a "home altar" in this family worship. In our churches we have our baptismal fonts, our pulpits, our altars and altar rails — all of which are used in our public worship of God. So far as I know, the "church in the house" is without furniture of any kind. And, of course, such furniture is not necessary. If we have God's Book in a language understood by all members of the family; if we have hymnaries enough for the group with hymns that breathe the true spirit of Christ; if we have members of a family who will read and hear the Word of God reverently with an honest purpose to obey that Word and be guided by it, and who love to turn to the Heavenly Father in praise and prayer, then no more is necessary.

But as I thought of these things before my marriage and planned for the home that I hoped, by the grace of God, to establish, I felt that it would be fine to have a place where my wife and I could kneel in our home in prayer. My bride-to-be heartily endorsed the idea. And from such thoughts came the plan for our home altar which I had made and moved into our home before our marriage so that on the very first evening of our married life, after reading a passage from the Word, we kneeled together in prayer asking the Father's blessing upon our life together in our new home.

The home altar consists of a box made of fir boards about two feet square and twenty-six inches high. The top overhangs the sides of the box a little so that the top is about twenty-six inches square. In the center of each of the four sides is a wooden cross, the vertical bar being ten inches long and the horizontal bar six and one-half inches. A kneeling-bench made of spruce boards, six inches high and seven and one-half inches wide runs all around the altar. The top of the kneeling-bench is padded with wool and covered with rust-colored plush cloth from an old coat. The altar is finished with dark oak varnish stain. The cost of this altar was \$8.06.

There is room for eight adult persons to kneel at this altar although it might be a bit crowded for the heads. My wife and I use only one side when we are alone. We have used two sides when we have been joined in our morning or evening devotions by one or two visitors. When our infant son becomes older we hope to teach him to kneel with us as we turn in thanksgiving and supplication to God for our home and for our people. And if God gives us more children, they will, we trust, in due time take their places with us around our own home altar as we bow our knees, our heads, and our hearts in reverence before Him Who is our Father in Christ. This home altar is a novel

piece of furniture and it has occasioned many questions on the part of those who have come into our home. But many fine Christians have agreed with us that it is a beautiful and useful thing to have in the home. We wish to commend it to others as the symbol of a home whose inmates confess their dependence upon the Heavenly Father and who turn to Him daily in thanksgiving for blessings received and in petition for continued material and spiritual blessing in the future.

—Milo E. Lee, Macoun, Sask.

Before the General Convention

If you are in arrears on your Centennial pledge, will you kindly do all in your power to make the payment by June 5th, the first day of the General Convention? This pledge is a sacred promise, a mutual agreement between the Lord of the Church and him who makes the pledge. Have you done anything about it yet? When looking over the long list of those who have made no response so far, a person sometimes wonders. Our honor demands that we take these promises seriously. Kindly make a SPECIAL EFFORT from now until June 5th to send in what you may be in arrears. This is of supreme importance.

Many have already paid their pledges in full. For this we are very thankful. A real effort on our part may make it possible for us to do likewise by June 5th.

We are also very grateful to you who are faithfully taking care of your payments as they come due from time to time. I am certain that, under God, you will continue to do this until your obligation is fulfilled. You have made it evident that you consider this the honorable thing to do. It may be, however, that without much inconvenience, some of you could make a payment in advance by June 5th. This, too, would help the cause wonderfully.

A special effort from now until June 5th!

—B.

Ratner, Sask.

The Lutheran League gave a fine programme, at the church, Easter Sunday.

A large crowd were present, who came to hear the Easter Message brought to them in words and Song.

Ruth McFarlane, who had attended the Lutheran Bible school at Outlook, Sask., since last fall, and had just returned home, led in scripture reading and prayer.

The Easter topic was read by Alex Gertzen, and we are thankful to him for giving us this Easter Message of our risen Saviour.

As usual the Leaguers had also at this time a well chosen program, — and we are also glad to be brought together again, in this way, — but we hope that next time they will favor us with a norwegian number again.

Program as follows: Audience "Jesus Keep me near the cross." Scripture reading and prayer by Ruth McFarlane. Choir "Beneath the cross of Jesus." Reading, Ray Hawlett. Quartette, "Lead me to Calvary" Alice, Mirtle, Emma Broste and Adela Moen. Choir, "Christ Arose." Songs by Audience, "Rock of Ages," "Sweet the moments rich in Blessing." Girls Choir, "Christ the Lord is risen again." Easter Topic by Alec Gertzen. Duet, "In the Garden" — Dorothy Afseth and sister Margaret (Mrs. A. Peterson.) Choir, "My Jesus I love thee." Girls Choir, "The Hand that was Wounded for me." Audience, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory." Doxology and the Lords Prayer.

As we sit back in our seats and listen to the young people before us, we cannot help but look back over a

space of time, some over 30 years, since a hand full of eager settlers found homes here. Our thoughts travel over these years from the first day til now, and what a change. —

We were the young people of that day. We have toiled and planned always looking ahead for a better day.

This group of young boys and girls we have seen grow up among us, and we are making room for them in our church work, and always looking forward to their programs. As summer approaches may we have many a meeting also of this kind. —K.

An Exemple of "Faith in Action"

In the work of the Book Mission we now and then receive letters in which we are asked to send Booklets or Tracts to different parties whose names and addresses are given. Sometimes the writers of such letters give their own names, but it also appears that he or she wishes to be anonymous and we are thus excluded from getting into correspondence, with them.

It is characteristic of these letters that they disclose a deep concern for the spiritual welfare of relatives and friends, and at the same time also reveal a great deal of faith in the small pieces of literature, that the Spirit of the Lord will use them for the awakening and spiritual guidance of the dear ones.

It is taken for granted that when the addressee receives the small parcel sent from the Book Mission it will be opened and the contents probably read. It may be that those who send these requests to us are thinking of the word from Eccless. 11, 1: "Cast they bread upon the waters, for thou shall find it after many days." And they put their faith in this promise. — It is "Faith in Action."

I must confess that when reading these letters I feel convicted of my own poor faith in this respect. But God will surely honor all faith put in Him.

However, most of our co-workers desire to have the packages of literature mailed to them, so that they may deal them out in person or place them there they can be found. This seems to be a better and more commendable way.

The demand for literature seems to be increasing and we are anxious to obtain more co-workers — more supporters.

Will you, dear Reader, be one of them?

Olaf Guldseth,

3445—17 Ave., So. Minniapolis.

A boy employed in a store found a dollar while sweeping the floor. The thot of keeping it was strong in his mind. No one would miss it. So he put it in his pocket. During the noon hour he had time to think about what he had done and it bothered his conscience to such an extent that he determined to give it back to his employer. As soon as he arrived at the store he handed the bill over to his boss telling him he found it while sweeping. It was immediately put into the till. Now what did the boy have in his pocket? Nothing. He got no reward for being honest. Let me add that he did not find any money on the way home, as fiction would have it. He had no earthly reward. But he had the Kingdom of God in his heart. He had laid up treasure in Heaven and his honesty was recorded in the Books of God. That was his reward.

But here is an instance where honesty met with temporal reward. Once in a far country lived a boy and his old mother. They were very poor and always had to be frugal and careful. One day the mother called her son and told him he was old enough to go and learn an occupation with

Conclusen on page 4).

WOMEN'S MISSIONARY FEDERATION

MRS. I. O. THVEDT, Editor — LANGHAM, SASK.

"Let Me See Jesus Again"

By Laura Murdock Kichline,
Quarryville, Pa.

"Let me see Jesus again," said the lad,
As we paged o'er a book that we love,
Showing the Baby and mother so
pure,
Safe-kept by their Father above.

"Let me see Jesus again"—ah, my
son!
How fraught with rich meaning the
thought
To one who has traveled afar down
the years
That passing-strange fancies have
brought.

"Let me see Jesus again"—worthy
quest.
For those who have once met their
Lord;
His "Come unto Me, weary one, come
and rest,"
Like music sounds forth from His
Word.

"We would see Jesus"—from pagan
lips fell
These words on a day long ago;
But ere twilight lowered o'er deep-
yearning hearts,
They had met Him with souls all
aglow.

Ere many years pass, little boy not
quite five,
God grant from your dear lips may
fall
The same rich petition as earnestly
prayed;
May you find Him your life and your
all.

Choose Thou for Me

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else surely I might stray.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill;
As best to Thee may seem,
Choose Thou my good and ill.
Choose Thou for me my friends,

Conclusen from page 3).

which to earn his livelihood. So he made ready to depart to a not too far distant city. The mother had, through the years, miraculously saved up forty gold pieces for him. These she sewed inside his vest. So he left and his mother parting words were, "Honor, love and serve God, and always tell the truth." The country was infested with robbers and thieves so she warned him to be careful. It was nearing nightfall when he saw the outlines of the city in the distance. He noticed a cloud of dust between himself and the City. He thought of robbers and attempted to seek cover. But the robbers (for such they were) came upon him before he found a hiding place. One robber advanced and asked the boy if he had money and how much. The lad remembered his mothers saying to tell the truth so he replied, "yes, I have forty pieces sewed into my vest." The robber scornfully turned away thinking the boy was crazy. Another came and asked and received the same answer. The robber chief then appeared and asked the boy if he had any money. Said the boy, "Yes I have forty gold pieces inside my vest." The robber got down off his horse and felt the vest. When he had ascertained that the money was there he inquired why the boy had revealed his secret. The lad answered "my mother told me to love God and always tell the truth." The robbers mind moved back to memories of his own mother, how she had loved and prayed for him. He was so moved he became an honest man and changed his robbers garb for merchants clothing, for that was his real occupation. He offered the boy a position in his employ and gave him and his aged mother a home and comforts as long as they lived.

My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine—not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom and my All.

—H. Bonar.

We must not only think of our waiting upon God, but also of what is more wonderful still, of God's waiting upon us. The vision of Him waiting on us, will give new impulse and inspiration to our waiting upon Him. It will give us unspeakable confidence that our waiting cannot be in vain... Waiting in the sunshine of His love is what will ripen the soul for His blessing. Waiting under the cloud of trial, that breaks in showers of blessings, is as needful. Be assured that if God waits longer than you could wish, it is only to make the blessing doubly precious.

—Andrew Murray.

Faith is the golden key that unlocks the doors of heaven.

—D. L. Moody.

Olive Hodnefield, of Fancheng

(Miss Olive Hodnefield arrived in China forty-seven years ago (1893). She has served for forty-five years as a teacher at Fancheng—the founder of the Concordia Bible and High School of which she is still the principal. This is a condensed from of her autobiography.)

Hodnefeld is the name of a mountainous district in Norway, about two miles from the city of Stavanger. There in the valley stands the old home, still in the family. My father was a farmer and also a lay preacher, by faith a staunch Haugianer. He had many friends both among the clergy and the laity of the surrounding districts, and these friends often came to our home.

When I was seven years old Pastor Lande from Stavanger, a very good friend of father's, came to spend Christmas with us. Through his help we had a Christmas tree in "storstuen" (large parlor). We had never seen a Christmas tree before; therefore we seven sisters and brothers almost pestered the life out of mother asking all kinds of questions, while Rev. Lande was trimming the big tree that he had dragged into the room. Some of us looked through a tiny crack in the door to see what he was doing. At four o'clock in the afternoon mother called, "Children, come and get ready for the evening." That Christmas Eve is a most beautiful memory I have from my early childhood home.

I had a bachelor uncle who emigrated to America when I was a small child. He often wrote to father and in enthusiastic words told how well he liked the new country.

Father had been so stirred by the enthusiastic letters uncle sent him, that in 1873 he also emigrated with his large family. I was at that time eight years of age. Father bought a farm at Clear Lake, Iowa, and built a home, but it was not to be my home for very long. Only three years after our arrival in America mother died. Shortly afterward uncle wrote for one of us to come and stay with him, and it was decided that I should be the one. I remained in uncle's home till after my confirmation at the age of fifteen. During that time I had very little schooling, for they did not think it necessary for girls to go to school.

My father died shortly before my confirmation, and our home was broken up. Late one evening a knock was heard at our door, and I heard my sister's voice asking:

"Is this where my uncle lives?"
My uncle's door was flung wide open for my sisters and brothers to come and make it their home.

(To be concluded.)

"This the footprints of the Savior
That alone to heaven lead.
He who chooses not to follow
Knows no fear of God indeed."

(Selected — U.)

YOUNG PEOPLE'S LUTHER LEAGUE

Rev. A. M. VINGE, Editor — RYLEY, ALTA.

Report of the Y.P.L.L. in
Battrum, Sask.

District President.

Dear Co-worker:

We met on April 20th. 1940 for the purpose of organizing a Luther League. Due to the busy Spring season the attendance was not very large — 13 to be exact. The officers for the remaining year are:

President: Richard Ourom,
Vice-President: Oriole Nygard,
Recording Sec.: Norma Johnson,
Corresp. Sec.: Joyce Battrum,
Treasurer: Lois Johnson.

We had numerous Devotional services before organizing, and our first meeting following was a Social.

Our organization consists of very young people, but we hope that we may carry on our work as efficiently as older members. May we keep in mind the Master's life on earth and follow in His footsteps.

I remain in His service,

Joyce Battrum.

The pastor of this enthusiastic group of leaguers is K. A. Knutson who writes in a letter dated May 5th. "It may be of interest to you that leagues in call have all voted to place 21 Bibles in Hospital in Carbi. We have the Bibles on hand and it is just to write on the fly-leaf."

It is this kind of league work that promises well for the future. Young people who do not organize just to have an organization, but who seek to render real service for the Lord. God's blessing upon you Cabri-parish leaguers!

Convention

Remember the two outstanding youth events in our District — the Youth Conference at Regina July 11—14, and the Canada District Convention of our Church in Calgary July 18—21st. opening on Thursday the 18th with a prayer session led by Pastor Walker of Medicine Hat Circuit.

Elect Your Delegates

From the Constitution of the Canada District Y. P. L. L.

"Each society affiliated with this League may elect one delegate for each ten members or fraction thereof to represent it at the conventions of this league."

The pastors of all charges in which there is at least one affiliated society are voting members of this league."

It is not too early now to elect your delegates for the District convention at Calgary.

Love has a hem of its garment, that touches the very dust
It must reach to the stains of the streets and lanes,
And because it can, it must.
It dare not rest on the mountain,
It is bound to come to the vale
For it cannot find, its peace of mind,
Till it falls on the lives that fail.

The Luther League as a Pastor
sees it.

"Have you a shovel in your car"? someone asked the pastor as his car was deep in the mire. Where did this happen? The car was down to the running boards in mud a hundred feet from the church, and a half a block from main street in a little Canadian town. The group gathered, boys and girls, pushed and pulled. Someone suggested that streamlined cars should be equipped with handles on the outside for emergencies such as these. Finally a truck with a long steel cable attached to it pulled the car out. What was the occasion? This happened a few minutes after the closing of a well attended young people's gathering sponsored by a newly organized Luther League, — yet even the vice-president of this league lived over five miles out in the

country. This newly organized league after only three meetings was in possession of the complete set of Luther League Manuals, and had already placed an order for the 1940 Reading Project Books.

Another incident from Alberta: "I will come, walking cross-country" said the local league president in a telephone conversation. "I do not think I can get to the church with my car." This was April 28th, Luther League Day. A goodly crowd was present in this country church to witness the beautiful candle-lighting service. The roads were in such condition that it required some application of principles of navigation to get the car over certain inundated stretches. But it did not deter the young people from attending.

Another picture. This one from Saskatchewan. We shall let the circuit president speak: "It may be of interest to you that leagues in call have all voted to place 21 Bibles in Hospital in Cabri. We have the Bibles on hand and it is just to write on the fly-leaf."

Still another report from this same parish. The Corresponding Secretary writes of the organizational meeting of a new league:

"Due to the busy Spring season the attendance was not very large—13 to be exact. — We had numerous devotional services before organizing. Our organization consists of very young people, but we hope that we may carry on as efficiently as older members. May we keep in mind the Master's life on earth and follow in His footsteps."

And from Southern Alberta:

This time from a newly organized circuit. This circuit has only five locals. Only two pastors at present serve this large territory. Yet one of them writes: "We have several circuit meetings coming on, and the Luther League Circuit Board met some time ago and made arrangement for a Bible Camp (new) at Arrowood, Alberta. This same circuit entertains the District Y.P.L.L. Convention this summer — yet there are only five locals and some of these are newly organized."

Then from the far North—Peace River Circuit with only six locals: "March 10th. marked the closing of the second annual term of the Lutheran Bible Institute of Valhalla Center, Alberta". This winter term of Bible Study is sponsored by the Luther League, and this circuit also conducts a summer Bible Camp.

Who can look at pictures such as these and not be encouraged? Who can note the keen interest in the locals, the spiritual emphasis without rejoicing? Who can estimate the unseen blessings from such a movement? "There is no perfect league" said our District Y.P.L.L. Vice President in his recent article in the Herald. This is certainly true. There are no perfect leaguers or leaders. This should bow our hearts in humility yet: "Our Luther Leagues, God bless them."

The Luther League gives the young people opportunities for service. Its plan and program rightly carried out is intensely spiritual. Through prayer and consecrated efforts it is a mighty power in the church. To see young people disregard difficulties in distances and roads with buoyant courage, to hear them tell quietly of assurance of salvation gained through the Word at League Conventions and Bible Camps, to note their eager acceptance of suggestions for bettering their league work, to see them sponsoring the Pocket Testament Movement, and the Reading Projects — this gives the pastor a vision of the possibilities of youth work rightly directed, and with that vision comes an added joy in the service of the Lord.

"The way to a victorious life in this world of strife is the way which follows the footprints of the Lamb. Would you live a victorious life? Then choose to walk in His footprints." (Selected — U.)